During her life the Sultan durst not frequent any of his other ladies. At last, however, he put her to death and delivered himself from his reproach."

Yet Sultan Ahmed acted with less refined cruelty than some others of his kind. At least he put her out of pain at once. An English-man once travelled all the way from India to Australia at the invitation of a woman, the wife of a drunkard and an opuim eater, who loved this other not wisely but too well. He enjoyed the hospitality of her beautiful home, lived in her society probably the best times of his life, but a year or two after he would scarcely spare an hour from his yachting and his dancing to write to her those precarious letters for which she used to " go down on her knees and thank God." Yet he was accounted the very best of sorts among men.

Under the *regime* of marriage a man often becomes a most abject slave even of a worth-less woman. One who had made a love match

and had a sweet child as the crystallisation of her dream, used to cry for hours because she could not have a coronet and the Carlton. Yet her husband's one regret in